Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy.

Boy. Why doe you wring your hands, and beate your breast,
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Gerl. Why doe you looke on vs and shake your head,
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prety Cosens, you mistake me much,
I doe lament the sickenesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour, to weepe for one thats lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vnckle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With daily praiers, all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children, peace, the King doth loue you wel,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam we can: For my good Vnckle Gloucester
Tould me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuisd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he tould me so, he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my checke,
And bad me rely on him as in my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his child.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous visard hide foule guile:
He is my sonne, yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnckle did dissemble Granam?

Dut. I boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark what noise is this. *Enter the Qu.*

Qu. Oh who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? *Quee.*
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioine with blacke despaire against my soule,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience.

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence: Ed-

Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest,

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And lin'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crackt in pieces by malignant death:
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cause haue I
Then, being but moity of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares.

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widdowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring foorth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eies,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send foorth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my dere Lo: Edward.

Ambo Oh for our father, for our deare Lo: Clarence.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and he is gone?

Am. What stay had we but Clarence, and he is gone?

Dut. What staies had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer Widdow, had so deare a losse.

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